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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Tom Tyler and his Wife

[c. 1551 (Kirkman)]

Date of the first known Edition 1661

(From the B.M. copy)

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1912

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

[Vol. 120]

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Tom Tyler and his Wife

[c. 1551. (Kirkman)]

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

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Tom Tyler and his Wife

[c. 1551 (Kirkman)]

This facsimile is from Kirkman's edition of 1661, a copy of which is in the British Museum; another example is in the Dyce collection at South Kensington.

This edition is the only one extant. The title-page says it was "printed and acted (a suggestive inversion of the usual custom: but see *infra*) about a hundred years ago," i.e. in, say, 1551. There is no other trace of its having been either acted, printed, or even licensed; and whether Kirkman's was really a "second," or even a "first," or "third" impression is doubtful. The only evidence is that Baker (*"Biographica Dramatica,"* 1764) schedules "*Tome Tylere and his Wyfe Anon. 4to. 1598,*" which suggests an intermediate impression between it and Kirkman's "second" to the "first," c. 1551. The entry is reproduced without change in the second and third editions of *"Biographica Dramatica."* On the other hand, Ritson (*"Ancient Songs,"* 130) seemingly quotes it as "first printed in 1578." According to this, four editions are suggested:—

- (1) *The First* (suggested by Kirkman) c. 1551.
- (2) *The Second* (mentioned by Ritson) 1578.
- (3) *The Third* (quoted by Baker) 1598.
- (4) *The Fourth* (the only one extant) 1661.

We know the fourth, which "fathers" the first; Collier, Dyce, Ward and others accept the second date; Halliwell follows the third: that is the record. On the other hand, it may be stated that there is no mention of the play in the advertisement lists of Rogers and Leys for 1656, but in Archer's for the same year, five years prior to Kirkman's edition of the play, appears "*Tom tyler, C,*" but with no mention of date.

Since Kirkman's "second impression" the play was first reprinted typographically by Prof. Schelling in 1900, and next by "*The Early English Drama Society.*" It is now for the first time reproduced in facsimile.

The authorship is unknown and suggestions are few. Baker, assigning no reason, attributed the play to *W. Wager*, the author of "*The Longer Thou Livest the More Fool thou Art,*" but in truth, in both plays, there is little internal evidence to guide to decision.

A Bibliographical interest attaches to Kirkman's "*True, perfect, and exact Catalogue*" of all dramatic literature "ever yet printed and published till this present year 1661." Believing that subscribers will welcome this also in facsimile, I am including it with the present issue as an integral part of the original.

The original is badly printed and stained: this facsimile is a faithful reproduction of a poor copy.

JOHN S. FARMER.

TOM TYLER

AND

His Wife.

AN EXCELLENT OLD

PLAY,

AS

It was *Printed* and *Acted* about a
hundred Years ago.

Together, with an exact *Catalogue* of all the plays
that were ever yet printed.

The second Impression.



LONDON,

Printed in the Year, 1661.

The names of the Players.

Destinie, A sage Parson.

Desire, The Vice.

Tom Tyler, A labouring Man.

Strife, *Tom Tylers* Wife.

Sturdie, A Gossip.

Typple, An Ale-wife.

Tom Tayler, An Artificer.

Patience, A sage Parson.



Tom Tyler and his Wife.

¶ THE PROLOGUE.

MY dutie first in humble wife fulfill'd,
I humbly come, as humbly as I am will'd,
To represent, and eke to make report,
That after me you shall hear merrie sport.
To make you joy and laugh at merrie toyes,
I mean a play set out by prettie boyes.
Whereto we crave your silence and good will,
To take it well: although he wanted skill
That made the same so perfectly to write,
As his good will would further and it might.
The effect whereof it boots not to recite,
For presently yee shall have it in sight.
Nor in my head such cunning doth consist,
They shall themselves declare it as they list.
But my good will I promised them to do,
Which was to come before to pray of you,
To make them room, and silence as you may,
Which being done, they shall come in to play.

Here entreth in Destinie and Desire.



Represent the part that men report,
To be a plague to men in many a sort.
Destinie. I am, which as your Proverbs go,
In wedding or hanging am taken for a so,
Where as indeed the truth is nothing so.
Be it well or ill as all things hap in fine.

The praise or dispraise ought not to be mine.

Desire. I am glad I met you.

Destinie. Whither set you?

Desire. I set I tell you true, to seek and see you,

To tell you such newes, as I cannot chuse.

Destinie. I pray you what is that?

Desire. Sirra know you not Tom Tyler your man?

Destinie. Yes Harry, what than?

Desire. He made lute to me, his friend for to be,

To get him a wife, to lead a good life.

And so I consented, and was well contented,

To help him to woo, with all I could do,
And married he is.

Destinie. But what for all this ?

Desire. Marry that shall you know, his wife is a Whore,
And I hear tell, she doth not use him well.
Wherefore he speaks shame of thee and my name.

Destinie. If you so framed, to have your name blamed,
O? your deeds be noughtie, what am I faultie ?
I know no cause why ;

Desire. No more do I.
I did my good will, and though he sped ill,
I care not a ffile.

Destinie. Let them two trie.
They match as they can, the wife and good man,
In wealth or in wo, as matters do go.
And let us not mind, their lot to unblind,
But rather forget them.

Desire. Marry so let them.
For as for my part, though it long to my Art
Gens hearts to inflame, their fancies to frame
When they have obtained, I am not constrained
To do any more.

Destinie. Content thee therefore,
And let thy heart rest, for so it is best.
And let us away, as fast as we may,
For fear he come to you.

Desire. Marry have with you. Here they both go in.

¶ Tom Tyler commeth in singing.

*The Proverb reporteth, no man can deny,
That wedding and hanging is destiny.*

A Song. **I** Am a pooz Tyler in simple aray,
And get a pooz living, but eight pence a day,
My wife as I get it, doth spend it away;

And I cannot help it, she saith ; wot ye why,

For wedding and hanging is destiny.

I thought when I wed her, she had been a Meepe,
At board to be friendly, to sleep when I sleep.

She loves so unkindly, she makes me to weep ; But

Tom Tyler and his Wife.

But I dare say nothing god wot, wot ye why?
For wedding and hanging is destiny.
Besides this unkindnesse whereof my grief grows,
I think few Tylers are matcht with such shrowes;
Before she leaves brawling, she falls to deal blows
Which early and late doth cause me cry,
That wedding and hanging is destiny.
The more that I please her, the worse she doth like me,
The more I forbear her, the more she doth strike me,
The more that I get her the more she doth glike me;
No worth this ill Fortune that maketh me crye
That wedding and hanging is destiny.
If I had been hanged when I had been married,
My torments had ended, though I had miscarried;
If I had been warned, then would I have tarried;
But now all to lately I feel and crye,
That wedding and hanging is destiny.

The song ended, Tom Tyler speaketh

T. Tyler. You see with what fashion I plead my passions;
By marrying of Strife, which I chose to my wife,
To leade such a life, with sorrow and grief,
As I tell you true, is so bad for a Jew.
She hath such skill, to do what she will,
To gossip and to swill, when I fare but ill.
I must work sore, I must get some more,
I must still lend it, and she will still spend it,
I pray God amend it, but she doth not intend it.
What should I say, but bid her away,
And do my work duly, where I am paid truly &
For if my wife come, up goeth my bonnie,
And she should come hither, and we met together,
I know we shall fight, and eke scratch and bite.
I therefore will go hie me, and to my work plee me,
As fast as I can.

Here Tom Tyler goeth in, and his wife cometh out.

Strife. Alasse silly man;
What a husband have I, as light as a lie?
I leap and I skip, I carry the whip,

And

And I bear the bell; If he please me not well,
 I will take him by the pole, by cocks precious soul
 I will make him to toll, when I laugh and smile;
 I will fare of the best, I will sit and take rest,
 And make him to find all things to my mind.
 And yet sharp as the wind, I will use him unkind,
 And fain my self sick; there is no such trick,
 To dolt with a Daw, and keep him in awe.
 I will teach him to know the way to Dunmoe.
 At board and at bed, I will crack the knaves head,
 If he look but awry, or cast a sheeps eye:
 So shall I be sure, to keep him in ure,
 To serve like a knave, and live like a slave.
 And in the mean season, I will have my own reason;
 And no man to controule me, to pill or to pole me,
 Which I love of life.

Sturdie. God speed gossip Strife. Sturdie entreth.

Strife. Well met Goodwife Sturdie, both welcom and
 And ever I thank ye. wortie

Sturdie. I pray you go prank ye,
 We are dew old huddle.

Strife. The Pigs in the puddle.
 But now welcome indeed, and ye be agreed,
 Let us have some chat.

Sturdie. Parry why nat?
 For I am come hither, to gossip together,
 For I drank not to day.

Strife. So I hear say.
 But I tell you true, I thought not of you,
 Yet the ale-wife of the Swan, is filling the Can,
 With spice that is fine, and part shall be thine,
 If that thou wilt carrie.

Sturdie. Why, yes by Saint Parry;
 Else were I a fool.

Tip. Marrie here is good rule. Here entreth Tipple, with a
 A sight of good guesse. pot in her hand, and a piece
 of Bacon.

Strife. Never a one lesse, now Tipple is come.

Tipple. And here is good hum, I dare boldly say.

Sturdie.

Tom Tyler and his Wife.

5

Sturdie. Why had not I some of this tother day ?

Tipple. Make much of it now, and glad that ye may.
Come, where shall we sit ? and here is a bit
Of a Gammon of Bacon.

Strife. Well said by Laron.

Sit down even here, and fall to it there :

I would it were better for ye ;

As long likes a merry heart as a sozric.

Tipple. Where is Tom Tiler now, where is he ?

Strife. What carest thou where a dolt should be.

And where is your good man ?

Tipple. Forsooth nought at home, he is abroad for pence.

Sturdie. Well, I had need to go hence,
Least my good man do misse me.

Strife. I would teach him John come kisse me,
If the dolt were mine,

Sturdie. Alas are you so fine !

Would God in all your chere, Tom Tiler saw you here ;

Strife. What and if he do ?

Tipple. Marrie God forbid, the house would be too hot,

Strife. Now by this peinstor pot,
And by this drinke I will drinke now,
God knows what I think now.

Sturdie. What think you Gossip Strife ?

Strife. I had rather then my life,
My husband would come hither,
That we might busk together,
We should see how I could tame him.

Tipple. Alas, and could ye blame him,
If that he were displeased ?

Strife. He shall be soon appeased,
If either he gaspeth or glometh.

Tom Tiler
cometh in.

Sturdie. By gods blew hood he cometh.
Away, by the Masse away, he will us all else fray.

Tom. These summer daies be verie drte.

Strife. Yea, that is a devil a lie.
A knave, what dost thou here ?

Tom. I should have a pot of beer, & go to worke again.
Strife.

Tom Tyler and his Wife.

Strife. Pea knave, shall honest men
Go hire thee by the day, and thou shalt go away,
To loyter to and fro? I will teach thee for to know
How fast the houres go. One, two, and three.

T. Tiler. I pray thee let be. *She beateh him.*

Strife. Four, five and six; Lord, that I had some ticks,
I would clapper claw thy bones,
To make you tell your stones,
The worse while I know you;

T. Tiler. Good wife I bespew you;
I pray you leave tumbling.

Strife. Pea knave are you mumbling?
Hence ye knave hence, bring me home pence,
Afore ye go to bed, or I will break your knaves head,
Till the blood go about.

T. Tiler. Now our Lord keep me out, *Tom Tiler goeth out.*
From this wicked wife.

Sturdie. Why, how now Strife? here is prettie rule;

Strife. Hold your peace fool, it is no news for me;
Let this talk be, and fall to your chere.

Tipple. Here is good beer quaff and be merrie.

Strife. I am half weatle with chiding alreadye.

Sturdie. Keep your brains reddie,
And fall to your drincking.

Tipple. Nay fall to singing, and let us go dance.

Strife. By my troth chance, and let us begin,
Rise up gossips, and I will bring you in.

Here they sing.

Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler,
More mortar for Tom Tiler.

As many as match themselves with blowes, *Strife*
Nay hap to carrie away the blowes, *sageth this stuff.*

Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler.

As many a Tyde both ebs and flowes,
So many a misfortune comes and goes,

Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler.

Though

Tom Tyler and his Wife.

7

Tipple *singeth* *this stasse.* Though Tilers clime the house to tile,
They must come down another while,

Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler.

Though many a one do seem to smile,
When Geese do wink, they mean some gile,

Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler.

Sturdie *singeth* *this stasse.* Though Tom be stout, and Tom be strong,
Though Tom be large, and Tom be long,

Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler.

Tom hath a wife will take no wrong,

But teach her Tom another song. Here they end singing,
Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler. and Tipple speaketh.

Tipple. Alas poor Tom, his Cake is down.

Sturdie. We may see what it is to meet with a blow.

And now we have sung this merry fit,

Let us now leave gossiping yet.

Strife. Hold your peace soles, ye have no wit

Still in and spare not, still in, I care not.

This drink is ipse, to make us all tipse.

And now gossip Sturdie, if I may be so worthy.

Halt this I drink to you.

Sturdie. The headache will sting you, I fear me anon,

Therefore let us be gone, I heartily pray you.

Strife. Tipple, What say you, will you drink no more?

Tipple. I have tippled soze I promise you plain,

Yet once and no more, have at you again.

Strife. Ho, pray God, ho.

Sturdie. So, so, so, so.

Here they sing again.

Another Song.

The Mill a, the Mill a,

So merily goes the mery Mill a.

Let us slip, and let it slip,
And go which way it will a,

Let us trip, and let us skip,
 And let us drinke our fill a.
 Take the cup, and drinke all up,
 Give me the can to fill a:
 Every sup, and every cup,
 Hold here, and my god will a.
 Gossip mine, and Gossip thine,
 Now let us Gossip still a:
 Here is good wine, this Ale is fine,
 Now drinke of which you will a.
 Round about, till all be out,
 I pray you let us stoll a:
 This jolly grant, is jolly and stout:
 I pray you stoll it still a.
 Let us laugh, and let us quaff,
 Good drinkers think none fill a:
 Here is your bag, here is your staffe,
 We packing to the mill a.

Here they end singing, and Tipple speaketh first.

Tipple. So merrily goes the merie mill a;
 Hold, here is my can.

Scurdie. Pay I best; to my hart than;
 I must depart, therefore adew.

Strife. Then carrie and take us all with you.
 Come Gossips, come.

Here they go all in, and
 Tom Tyler cometh out:

T. Tyler. I am a tiler as you see, a simple man of my de-
 (grace,
 Yet many have need of me, to keep them cleane and drye;
 And specially in the Summer time
 To pin their tiles, and make their lime,
 And tile their houses to keep out rain,
 Being well rewarded for my pain.
 And where I work by week or day,
 I truly earn it and they truly pay:
 I would desire no better life.

Except

Except that God would change my wife.

If she were gone, and I were free,

What tiler then were like to me?

For howsoever I travel, he uses me like a Javel,

And goeth from house to house, as drunk as a mouse;

Giving and granting, checking and taunting,

Wagging and vaunting, flouting and flaunting.

And when I come home, he makes me a mome;

And cuts my comb, like a hop on my thumb,

With contrary biting too dear of recting.

But this is the end, if I could get a friend

Some counsell to give me, you would not believe me

How glad I would be.

Enter Tom Tayler.

T. Tailer. The wiser man he. Tom. Tiler how now?

T. Tiler. Tom Tayler, how dost thou?

Tayler. After the old sort, in mirth and jolly sport,

Tayler-like I tell you.

T. Tyler. Ah sirra I smell you.

You have your hearts ease, to do what you please,

But I have heard tell, that you have the hell.

Tayler. Marrie that is well. But what if I have?

T. Tiler. May not I crave one friendly good turn,

While the fire doth burn, to put my wife to such ill care?

Tayler. In faith I do not care.

But what meanest thou by this?

T. Tiler. To live in some blisse, and be rid of my wife.

Tayler. Why are you at strife, what is the cause?

T. Tiler. When I come in her claws,

She guides me for ever; but help me now or never,

As I told thee before,

Put her in hell, and I care for no more.

Tayler. Why foolish knave, what hell should I have?

With a wild evil am I a Devil?

Thou art out of thy wits.

T. Tiler. No hum say not yet, though I am vext with a

(At

Of a liberal wife, that will shorten my life.

And thou be no devil, take it not evil;
 For I heard tell, that thou hast a hell.
 And I have a wife, so devilish in strife,
 Which cannot do well, and therefore master for hell,
 Then here to remain.

Taylor. If the matter be so plain;
 Then what wilt thou say, if I find the way
 By words to intreat her, and after to beat her
 If she will not be ruled.

T. Tiler. He be so well schooled with so many whorers
 To receive any blowes, never think so.

Taylor. If she be such a whore, something at her throat.
 Stand to it foolish calf, I will be thy halt.
 What wilt she fight?

T. Tiler. Her fingers be very light
 And that do I find, her checks be so unkind.
 Alwayes and ever, she is pleased never.
 But fuming and fretting, buffeting and beating;
 Of this my ally coward.

Taylor. A hoorson doxard. And what dost thou than?

T. Tiler. Like a pooz man,
 Desiring her gently to let me lide quietly.

Taylor. So woful mine honest is I like thee the better.
 And wouldst thou let her?

T. Tiler. Yea, and so would you, I tell you true,
 If you were in my case.

Taylor. Say then by Gods grace,
 I will prove by your leave, if she can me deceive.
 By any such sort, ye shall see a good sport.
 Put off thy coat and all thy apparel;
 And for thy quarrel I will make speed.
 And put on thy weed, come on and array thee.

T. Tiler. And what now I pray thee.

Taylor. Come give me the rest.

T. Tiler. I wene you do jest. What mean you by this?

Taylor. No harm sir I wis.

Now get me a cudgel, this is wondrous well,
 Now am I well armed if now I be harmed.

I may chance to beguile her, for beating Tom Tyler;
Now Thomas my friend, this is the end;
You say your wife will fight, her fingers be so light;
If she have such delight, I will conjure the sprite,
If she come near, while I tarry here.
Therefore stand by, and when thou hearest me cry,
Come help me to cheer me.

T. Tyler. Nay I must not come near thee, Here Tom Tyler
goeth in a while.
Be certain of that.

Taylor. Well if you will not, make no more debating.

Strife. Ye knave are ye prating? Enter Strife.

When you should be at work, do you loiter and lurk?

Take that for your labour.

Taylor. Pay faith by your labour I will pay you again,
There is for me to requite your pain.

Strife. Ye knave are you striking?

Taylor. Ye whores, are ye graking?

Strife. In faith ye knave I will cool you.

Taylor. In faith ye whores I will rule you.

Strife. Ye knave are ye so fresh?

Taylor. Ye whores I will plague your flesh.

Strife. And I will displease thee a little better;

Taylor. And in faith I will not die thy debtor.

How now, how like you your match?

Strife. As I did ever, even like a Patch.

Ah knave, wilt thou strike thy wife?

Taylor. Ye marriage, I love this gear alive.

Strife. Hold thy hand, and thou be a man.

Taylor. Kneel down and ask me forgiveness then.

Strife. Ah whoreson knave my bones is sore.

Taylor. Ah unhappy whores; do so then no more.

Strife. I pray thee be still, thou shalt have thy will.

I will do so no more, I am sorry therefore.

I will never more strike, nor profer the like,

Alas I am killed.

Taylor. Nay thou art killed as thou hast been.

(Ver.

But

But trouble me never, I advise thee again.

For I will braid thee then.

Now praise at thy parting.

Strife. ~~He~~ ^{Was} worth overwharting that other I knew.

I am beaten so blew, and my gall is all burst.

I thought at the first he had been a dolt.

But I bydded a Colt of a contrarye bare,

Soure sauce is now my chear.

Therefore I will away, for I get nought by this play;

And get me to bed, and dresse up my head.

I am so sore beaten with blowes.

He fireth in.

Taylor. It is hard matching with ~~tho~~ ^{tho}mes.

I see well enough the Damsel was tough,

And loth for to bend. But I think in the end

I made her to bow. But where is Tom now?

What he may know how all matters do stand.

T. Tiler enters. T. Tiler. Here sit at hand. How now

(Tom Taylor?)

Taylor. Much ado to quell her.

But I believe my goods do her griebe,

I dare be bold, she longs not to scold,

For use her old sport, in such devilish sort;

T. Tiler. I pray thee why so?

Taylor. I have made her so wo, so black and so blew,

I have changed her hew and made her to bend;

That to her lives end she will never offend

In word nor in deed. Therefore now take heed

She strike thee no more.

T. Tiler. I ch will strike thee therefore;

And Tom God a mercy.

Taylor. She looked as she verie at her first coming in,

And so did begin with towing of ~~tho~~ ^{tho}mes,

And fell to fair blowes.

But then I beheld me, and she never spide me;

What I was I am sure. Therefore get thee to bed.

And get thee to bed, whatsoever.

And care not a straw, for thou hast her in awe.

She

She is so well beaten, she dare not once threaten,
For give thee any ill word at bed and at board,
But granting and groning, thou shalt find her mowing
Her piteous case with a saint Johns face,
A warrant well painted, for I stroke till she fainted,
And paid her for all eber;
Till she said she would never be churlish again.

T. Tiler. Let me alone with my damsel then;
And if I be able, without any fable
I will quit thee.

Tayler. At the crossbills thee,
Hence forth evermore, bestwinge her therefore,
And keep her up short, from all her old sport.
And she will not be ruled, let her be cooled.

T. Tiler. But I dare say, she will think of this day,
All her life long.

Tayler. Shall we have then a good song,
For joy of this glö betwixt her and thee?

T. Tiler. By my troth if you will, I shall fulfil
As much as I can.

Tayler. Let us sing than
The tying of the spare, that went out of square.

T. Tiler. By my troth any you dare, go to begin.

Here they sing.

*Tie, tie, tie the mare, tie,
Lest she stray from thee away;
Tie the mare Tomboy.*

Tom Tiler singeth.

TOM might be merrie, and well might fare,
But for the haltering of his spare.
Which is so wicked to sing and sle,
Gottie the mare Tomboy, tie the mare, tie.

Tom Tailer singeth.

Blame not Thomas if Tom be sick,
His mare doth prance, his mare doth kick;

She

She snorts and holds her head so hie,
Go tie the mare Tomboy, tie the mare, tie.

Tom Tiler singeth.

If Tom erie hayt, o: Tom erie hoe,
His mare willl straight gtve Tom a blos,
Where she doth batt, Tom shall able.
Go tie thy mare Tomboy, tie the mare, tie.

Tom Tayler singeth.

Tom if thy mare do make such sport,
I gtve thee counsel to keep her short.
If she be coltish, make her to erie.
Go tie the mare Tomboy, tie the mare, tie.

Here they end singing, and Tom Tayler first speaketh.

Tayler. Well now to your charge,
Let her run no more at large.
But now she is so well framed,
If she do ill you must be blamed,
Therefore take heed.

T. Tiler. Yes that I will indeed.
And I thank you for your pain,
As I am bound I tell you plain.

Tayler. Well Thomas fare you well, Tom Tayler goeth in.
Till you come where I do dwell.

T. Tiler. Ah Arra this is trim, that my wife is coold
(by him,

I marvel how she took the matter;
And how she will look when I come at her;
And whether she be well o: sick;
For my part I doe not sick
To do my dutie as I ought,
Yet will I never die for thought,
I will go hie me home.

Tom Tyler goeth in.

Here entereth Sturdie and Tipple.

Sturdie. Farewell god honest moms.

Tipple

Tipple, How likest thou this match?

Wouldst thou have thought the Patch

Would have beat his wife so black and blew from top to
(toe)

Being such a simple fool?

Tipple. Wellike he hath learned in a new school

Whereat I cannot chuse but lasse,

He still now eateth up all the drasse.

Beware of such wily Pies.

Sturdie. But she, an she be wise,

Will seek some way to rook him.

Tipple. It is too late to break him, if now he get the
(better.

Sturdie. If she can do so, let her;

I dare be bold to say, she will do what she may.

No here she cometh crawing,

Alas for two and weeping,

The truth will now appear.

Enter Strife fair and
silly, weeping and
weeping.

Strife. Alas and well away.

Strife. How ill have I been used, my bones be all to
(bruised.

My flesh is plagued vily, and my head is wounded vily.

My arms be back and blew, and all my sides be new.

Sturdie. Though all this be with you Gossip, discom-
(fort never.

Tipple. He watched ye once for ever.

But trust his hands no more.

Strife. Alas I am so soze.

I can neither stand nor sit but am beside my wit;

And never well again, till that I may be laid

To ease me on my bed.

Sturdie. Bind this about your head.

And hardly lay you down, we must into the town;

And after that, surely then we will come to you again;

And I pray you be of good cheer.

Tipple. I am sorry to see you here

In such unhappie case, but take some heart of grace,

C

End

God Gossip I pray you,

Strife. Alas neighbours, I stay you
From your businesse perhaps, but I will take a nap,
If I can where I lie.

Sturdie. Then we will see you again by and by.

Sturdie and Tiddle goeth out, and Tom Tiler cometh in.

T. Tiler. I heard say my wife is abominable sick,
Indeed she was beat with an unhappie Kick,
Gods, look where she lies, close with her eyes,
That is well said I will get me to bed,
And lay me hard by her, and yet not too nee her,
For feare I awake her, a good yeare take her,
For using me so.

Strife. Out alas, O, O,
My bones, my bones, fall in peeces at ones, !
Alas, alas, I die, O husband, husband why,
Why have you done so ? I was never your foe,
So much as you make me, and so you may take me,
If I have you offended, it shall be amended.
Alas wherefore should ye beate me a so soare ?

T. Tiler. You would be still neber, but buffet me,
(ever,

And Gossip at will, when I must work still.
And take ill your pleasure, and braul without measure
And now you may see, as the old sayings bee,
God sendeth now, short hoznes to a curst Cow.
I come home merrily, when you sit verely
I owzing and pouting, knowing and lowting.
And I was your noddy, as much as no body.

Strife. Alas what than, you being a man,
Should beare with my folly, and you being holty,
Might counsel me, tho not beating me so.
I thought I should find, you loving and kinde,
And not of this minde.

For us to war foes, for such crewel blowes,
I tell you platine, I married my bane,

When

When I married thee, as far as I see.

T. Tyler. Wife I am sorry, this ill is befalling ye.
But I tell you true, the fault was in you.
For till this day, I dare boldly say,
I never did proffer you such an offer;
It was your owne seeking.

Strife. I bestow such striking.
So close by the ribs, you may strike your ribs
So, well enough.

T. Tyler. This rage and this ruffe
Speed not to be, wife if ye love me,
Let us agree, in love and amitie,
And do so no more, I am sorry therefore,
I take God to my judge, that ever this grudge,
Should happen to be, between you and me.

Strife. Alas, I may mone I might have been woone
With half these strokes, but curstnesse provokes
Kind hearts to discever, and hatred for ever
Most commonly growes, by dealing of blowes.
Therefore blame not me, if I cannot love ye;
While we two have life.

T. Tyler. By my halldome Wife;
Because you say so, now shall ye know
If you will content you, that I do lament you.
For I will tell you true, When I saw you
Ever brawling and fighting, and ever crossbitting,
Which made me still wo, that you should thus do;
At last hereafter, I complained the matter
To Tom Tayler my Master. who taking a wasser
Did put on my coat, since ye will needs know it;
And so being disguised, he interpreted
To come in my stead; and having my wed
You pleading your passion after the old fashion;
Thinking it was I, stroke him by and by,
Then straight did he in stead of me,
Currie your bones, as he said for the nones,
To make you obey.

Strife. Is it even so as you say?
 Gods sh^h you knave, did you send such a slave
 To rebenge your quarrel in your apparel?
 Thou shalt abide as dearlie as I.
 I thought by this place, thou hadst not the face
 To beat me so soze. Hade at the once moze.
 I now war fresh co plague a knaves flesh
 That hath so plagued me. for everie blow th^he.
 Be sure I will pay you, till you do as I would have you.
 Ah whorson Dolt thou whorson subtle Colt;
 Son of an Oxe. how like you your knocks?
 The pils and the pox, and the poison in boy
 Confounde such a knave, and bring him to grave.
 The Crowes and the Pies, and the verie flesh flies
 Desire to plague the. In faith I will plague the.

T. Tiler. O wife, I pray thee save my life.
 You hurt me ever, I hurted you never,
 For Gods sake content thee.

Strife. Nay thou shalt repent the.
 That ever Tom Tayler, that Russian and railer
 Was set to beat me. he had better he had eat me;
 I hope for to find some toffer so kind
 To currie that knave. for the old grudge I have,
 As now I do the: there is one moze for me.
 Kneel down on your knee, you hoddle dodde;
 I will make you to stop though you set cock on hoop
 For son of Tom Tayler, that he could beguile her.
 Take that for her sake, some mirth for to make,
 Like an ass as you be.

T. Tiler. Why should you strike me
 For another mans fault?

Strife. Because thou art naught,
 And be a vile knave.

Enter Sturdie
 and Tipple.

Sturdie. What more can ye have?
 Enough is enough, as good as a feast.

Strife. He shall bear me one cuff yet more like a beast.
 Tipple. Gossip content the, and strike him no more.

T. Tiler.

T. Tiler. All the world wonders upon her therefore,
Sturdie. Away neighbour Thomas out of her sight.

T. Tiler. Alas she hath almost kild me out right.
I will rather die then see her again. *Go in T. Tiler.*

Strife. I promise you, I have a great losse then,

How like ye now this last overthwarting?

It is an old saying, praise at the parting.

I think I have made the Cullion to wising.

I was not beaten so black and blew,

But I am sure he has as many new.

My heart is well eased, and I have my wish.

This chaffing bath made me as whole as a fish.

And now I dars boldly be merrie again.

Sturdie. By saint Mary you are the happier then.

My neighbour and I, might hap to abide,

If we should so do, as he suffereth you;

But we commend you.

Strife. I can now intend you,

To laugh and to quaff, and lay down my staff,

To dance or to sing.

Tipple. There were no such thing, after this madnes.

Sturdie. And ye say it in sadness,

Let us set in, on a merrie pin.

The Rozie of the strife, between Tom and his wife,

As well as we can.

Strife. Shall I begin then to set you both in?

For I can best do it,

Sturdie. Now I pray thee go to it.

Here they sing.

Hey derie, hoe derie, hey derie dan,

The Tylers wife of our Town,

Hath beaten her good man.

A Song.

TOm Tiler was a trifeler,
And faine would have the skill

To practise with Tom Tayler,

To break his wifes will.

Tom Tayler got the victorie,

Till Tylers wiffe did know,

It was a point of subtiltie ;

Then Tom was beat for two,

Thomas Tilers wiffe said evermore

I will full merrie make,

And never trust a man no more

For Thomas Taylers sake.

But if Tom Tiler give a stroke,

Perhaps if he be stout,

He shall then have his collar broke,

Till blood go round about.

Though some be sheep, yet some be shrowes,

Let them be fools that lust :

Tom Tilers wiffe will take no blows,

No more then needs she must.

If Tom be wise, he will beware,

Before he make his match,

To do no further then he dare,

For fear he prove a Patch.

Here they end
singing.

Strife. Gossips, godlige for this merrie song ;

Pray God we may long keep such merrie glee.

Sturdie. We marrie say we,

God grant all wifes, to lead the like lives

That you do now.

Tipple. I know not how that may come to passe,

But by the passe, god handling doth much.

Strife. For a fair touch my will shall not want.

Sturdie. Would God I could plant,

My eye-lids in such sort, to make such a sport,

And live so at ease, to do what I please.

Tipple. Alwaies the Seas

Be not like mild, but wanton and wild

Sometime more higher, then need shall require ;

So may the hap be with you and with me.

Strife.

Strife. Let all this be, for we will agree,
And let us away, for I dare say,
Tom Tiler is gone to make his mone,
After these strokes, like a wise Coaks;
But all is one.

Sturdie. Come let us be gone it is time for to go.

Tipple. I think it be so; come on, have with you.

Here they go in, and Tom Tayler, Tom Tiler, and Destinie enter.

T. Tiler. If Destinie dribe poor Tom for to live.
For eber in strife with such an ill wife;
When Tom may complain, no more to remain
Here on the earth, but rather with death.
For this is too bad.

Tayler. Why, how now my lad, what news with thee?

T. Tiler. In faith as ye see.

After the old fashion, pleading our passion

If Fortune will it, I must fulfil it.

If Destinie say it, I cannot deny it.

Destinie. For I cannot stay it.

For when thou wast born, thy luck was forlozn.

Therefore content thee, and never repent thee.

T. Tayler. I cannot lament thee.

For I am sure you know, I charmed your shrow,
With such cruel blowes, by the faith that now goes
I thought she would die.

T. Tiler. When happie were I.

Tayler. And a good cause why,
But you may now go for bacon to Dunmo.

T. Tiler. Yet fain would I know, of Destinie now;
How long and how my life shall it passe.

Tayler. Why foolish afe, that were but a follie.

For he is too hollie to tell any news.

Destinie. I do not use, to tell oze a strike,
I suddenly gleeke, oze men be aware.

Tayler. When I can declare it I look in thy hand,
How thy fortune will stand. Hold forth thy fist.

T. Tiler.

T. Tiler. Here, do what ye list.

Tayler. By my troth I wist it, and have not mist it.

He striketh him on the cheek.

By the sign that here goes, you are bozn to take blowes.

Warrie, let me look again.

Tom Tyler. Pay belshew my heart then.

Tayler. Aske Destinie hereby, and I make a lie.

Destinie. Po, you do not indeed.

T. Tyler. When I will change my weed,
And tyle it no more, if my chance be so sore,
As you two doe make it.

Destiny. We do not mistake it,
Whereof be you bold, and this hope you may hold,
If your fortune bee to hang on a tree,
If the foot from the ground, ye shall never be drownd.
So if you be bozne, to hold with the horne,
How soever your wife jet it, you cannot let it.
And if you leade an ill life, by chance of your wife,
Take this for verity, all is but your destiny.
And though your deedes prove naught,
Yet am I not in fault.

T. Tiler. When let me be taught, how to eschew,
Such dangers as you, enforce to a man.

Destiny. Yea, but who can instruct you thereon?
For all is no more then I have said before.
But howsoever it be, learn this of me,
If you take it not ill, but with a good will,
It shall never grieve you.

Tayler. Po faith, I believe you,
That is even all. He that loves thzall,
It were pittie he should lack it.

T. Tyler. When I must pack it
Between the coat and the skin,
As my fortune hath been ever yet in my life,
Since I am married with Strife,
Hap god hap, will, hap god, hap evil;
Even hap as hap may.

Tayler.

Taylor. That is a wise way.

Never set at the heart, thy wifes churlish part,

That she sets at her heel, such sorrows to feel.

It would grieve any Saint.

Enter Strife.

Strife. Take a penitt, and paint your words in a table,

That the foole may be able to know what to doe.

Desteny. Here is one comes to woo,

By the spade I will not tary.

Desteny goeth in.

Strife. I would it were muskadine for ye,

To stand prating with knaves.

Taylor. Mark how she raves, she longes for a whip.

Strife. Ye faith good man blabberlip.

You pricklous knave you, have you nothing to do

At home with your threds? a prayer or wise heads

I promise you you have. But you doltish knave,

Come home, or I will fetch you.

Taylor. Now a halter stretch you.

And them that sent you.

Enter Patience.

Patience. Good friendes, I pray you content you.

Whence cometh this strife, I pray thee good wife?

Be patient for all.

Strife. And shall the knave braul.

And make disoord to be, betweene my husband and me.]

Patience. Why so? are you he

That setteth debate, and disposed to prate?

I pray you be still.

Taylor. Parry with a good will.

As God shall save me, I did behave me

As well as might bee, as these folkes did see.

Till this gild dame, into this place came

But she is too too bad.

Patience. And I count him mad,

That for any fit, will compare his wif,

And with a foolish woman to wander,

He is as wise as a Gander.

You are too much to blame, and you so for shame,

Leave your old canker, and let your sheet anker

We alwayes to hold, where I patience am bold
 If things hap awry, to fall out by and by,
 It doth not agree, though Destiny be
 Unfriendly to some, as he hits all that come,
 In wealth and in wo, I am sure you know,
 There should be no strife, betweene man and wife
 And thus my tale endes, I would have you all friends
 And I would have Tom taylor to be no rapler,
 Nor Tom taylor to chide, which I cannot abide.
 Nor his wife for to shew, any pranks of a Crew.

T. Tyler. I chould god it were so, for I bid the wo.
 I chould with it for my part, eben with all my heart.
 For howsoever it goes, I beare the blowes,
 Which I tell you I like not.

Taylor. Though I chide, I strike not,
 Your Master ship doth see.

Strife. I be shew his knaves heart, that last stroke me.

Patience. Well once againe let this foolishness be.
 And as I told you, so I pray you hold you,
 For I will not away, till I set such a stay,
 To make you gree friendly, that now chafe unkindly.
 Come on Strife I finde, your churlish kinde.
 You must needes bridle, if it be possible,
 For els it were vaine, to take any paine.
 Take Tom by the fist, and let me see him kist,

Strife. Al Patience intreat me.

I will though Tom beate me,

T. Tyler. Well wife, I thanke you.

Patience. Nay whither away prank you
 Tom Taylor also, shall you kisse ere you go.
 And see you be friends.

Strife. I would he had kist both the endes.

Taylor. Nay, there a hoate coale

Patience. Now see this wilde foale.

Be quiet I pray you, for therefore I say you.
 And Destiny to thee, thou must also agree,
 As well as the rest.

Enter Destiny
 Destiny

Destenie. I thinke it to best.

We you agreed all :

All speak. We are, and we shall.

Patience. Then take hands, and take chance,

And I will lead the dance.

Come sing after me, and loke we agree.

Now speak altogether, except *Patience*.

Here they sing this Song.

A Song.

Patience entreateth good fellows all,
Where Folly beateth to break their bratall,
Where wills be wilfull, and Fortune thzall,
A patient party perswadeth all,

Though Strife be surdy to move debate,
As some unworthy have done of late.
And he that worst may the candel carry,
If Patience pray thee, do never vary.

If froward Fortune hap so awoyle,
To make thee marry by Destenie,
If fits unkindly do move thy mood,
Take all things patiently, both ill and good.

Patience perforce if thou endure,
It will be better thou mayest be sure,
In wealth or wo, howsoever it ends,
Wheresoever ye go, be patient Friends.

The end of this Song.

Here they all go in, and one cometh out, and singeth this Song
following all alone with instruments, and all the rest with-
in sing between every stasse, the first two lines.

The concluding Song.

When sorrows be great, and hap awry,
Let Reason intreat thee patiently.

A Song.

Though pinching be a pithie pain,
No want desire that is but vain.
Though some be curst, and some be kind,
Subdue the worst with patient mind.

Who sits so high, who sits so low?
Who feels such joy, that feels no woe?
When bale is bad, good boot is ney
Take all adventures patiently.

To marry a sheep, to marry a dove,
To meet with a friend, to meet with a love,
These checks of chance can no man steer,
But God himself that rules the sphere.

Which God preserve our Noble Queen,
From perilous chances that hath been seen,
And send her Subjects grace say I.
To serve her Highness patiently.

God save the Queen.



Sent to all by
y^e last sent to

A True, perfect, and exact Catalogue of all the Comedies, Tragedies, Tragi-Comedies, Pastorals, Masques and Interludes, that were ever yet printed and published, till this present year 1661, all which you may either buy or sell at the several shops of *Nath. Brook* at the Angel in *Cornhil*, *Francis Kirkman* at the *John Fletchers Head*, on the Back-side of St. *Clements*, *Tho Johnson* at the Golden Key in St. *Pauls* Churchyard, and *Henry Marsh* at the Princes Arms in *Chancery-lane* near *Fleetstreet*, 1661.

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A

Names of the Authors.	Names of the Playes.		Names of the Authors.	Names of the Playes.	
<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	A S You like it.	C		<i>Arden of Feverham:</i>	T
<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	Alls well that ends well.	C	<i>Cyryll Tournear</i>	<i>Atheists Tragedy</i>	T
<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	Anthony & Cleopater.	T	<i>John Jones</i>	<i>Adrasta.</i>	C
<i>Lord Sterling</i>	Alexandrian Tragedy.	T	<i>Nat. Field</i>	<i>Amends for Ladies.</i>	C
<i>Lord Brooks</i>	Alaham.	T	<i>Dr. Maime.</i>	<i>Amorous War.</i>	C
<i>Geo. Peele</i>	Alphonfus Emp. of Germany.	T	<i>Rob. Cox</i>	<i>Acteon and Diana.</i>	I
<i>John Webster</i>	Appius and Virginia.	T	<i>Torquato Tasso</i>	<i>Aminta.</i>	P
<i>Ja. Shirley</i>	Arcadia.	P	<i>John Studly</i>	<i>Agameninon.</i>	T
<i>Will. Rowly</i>	Alls lost by lust.	T	<i>Sir John Suckling</i>	<i>Aglaura.</i>	TC
<i>Rich. Brome</i>	Antipodes.	C	<i>Leonard Willan</i>	<i>Aitrea.</i>	P
<i>Sir W.D' Avenant</i>	Albouine.	T	<i>Tho. May</i>	<i>Antigone.</i>	I
<i>Hen. Glapthorne</i>	Albertus Wallenstein.	T	<i>Lod. Carlile</i>	<i>Arviragus & Philicia, 1st. part.</i>	TC
<i>Hen. Glapthorne</i>	Argalus and Parthenia.	P	<i>Lod. Carlile</i>	<i>Arviragus & Philicia, 2d. part.</i>	TC
<i>Shak. Marmion</i>	Antiquary.	C	<i>John Mufston</i>	<i>Antonio and Melida.</i>	T
<i>Tho. Randoll</i>	Aristippus.	I	<i>John Mufston.</i>	<i>Antonio and Melida.</i>	T
<i>Tho. Randoll</i>	Amintas.	C	<i>Tho. May</i>	<i>Agrippina.</i>	T
			<i>E. W.</i>	<i>Apollo Siroving.</i>	C

<i>John Lilly</i>	Alexander and Campaspe.	C	R. C.	Alphonfus King of Arragon.	H
	Albumazar.	C		Alarum for London.	H
<i>Henry Porter</i>	Angry women of Abington.	C	R. B.	Appius and Virginia.	T
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Alchunift.	C		Andromana.	T
<i>T. Lupton.</i>	All for money.	T		Andrea in Terrence.	C
<i>Geo. Chapman</i>	All fooles.	C	Bernard	Adelphus in Ter.	C
<i>Nic. Trotte</i>	Arthur.	T		Abrahams Sacrifice.	I
<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	The Arraignement of Paris.	P		Albion.	I
<i>La. Pembroke</i>	Antonius.	T			
	Albions Triumph	M			

B

<i>John Fletcher</i>	B eggars Bush.	C	<i>Geo. Chapman</i>	Byrons conspiracy.	H
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Bonduca.	T	<i>Geo. Chapman</i>	Byrons Tragedy.	T
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Bartholmew Fair	C	<i>John Ford</i>	Broaken heart.	T
	Bastard.	T	<i>Ibo. Nabs</i>	Bride.	C
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Bloody Brother.	T	<i>T. D.</i>	Bloudy Banquet.	T
<i>J. Shirley</i>	Bird in a Cage.	C	<i>Sir John Suchling</i>	Brenoralt.	T
<i>J. Shirley</i>	Ball.	C		The Battel of Alcazar.	T
<i>J. Shirley</i>	Brothers.	C	<i>John Day</i>	The blind Beggar of Bednal green	C
<i>Ibo. Heywood</i>	Brazen Age.	C		Blure Mr. Constable.	C
<i>Phil. Massinger</i>	Bondman.	C		Band Ruff & cuff.	I
<i>Phil. Massinger</i>	Bathfull lover.	C	<i>Ibo. Middleton</i>	Blind Lady.	C
<i>Geo. Chapman</i>	Blind beggar of Alexandria.	C	<i>Howard</i>	Britannia Triumphant.	M
<i>Geo. Chapman</i>	Buffy D'Amboys.	T	<i>Sir W. D'Avonant</i>	Bottom the weaver.	I
<i>Geo. Chapman</i>	Buffy D'Amboys Revenge.	T			

C

<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	C omedy of Errors.	C	<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	Cymbeline.	T
	Coriolanus.	T	<i>John Fletcher</i>	Customs of the Country.	C
<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>				John	

John Fletcher	Captain.	C	Rob. Mead	Combat of Love	C
John Fletcher	Coxcomb.	C		and Friendship.	C
John Fletcher	Chances.	C		Costly Whore.	C
Dr. Mayne	City Match.	C	Tho. Killigrew.	Claracilla.	TC
Lord Sterling	Cræsus.	T	Tho. May	Cleopatra.	T
Ben. Johnson	Christmas his	M	Sam. Daniel	Cleopatra.	T
	Mask.		Tho. Carew	Cælum Britannicum.	M
Ben. Johnson	Cloridia, rites to	M		Cid 1st. part.	TC
	Cloris.		Ios. Rutter	Cid 2d. part.	TC
Midleton & Rowly	Clangling.	C	Ios. Rutter	Country Captain	C
John Fletcher	Cupids revenge.	T	Earl of Newcastle	Christs Passion.	T
Ia. Shirley	Changes, or love	C	Geo. Sands	Cromwells History	H
	in a Maze.		Will. Shakespeare	Cynthia's Re-	
Ia. Shirley	Chabot Admirall	T	John Swallow	venge.	T
	of France.			Cynthia's Revels	
Ia. Shirley	Constant Maid.	C	Ben. Johnson	Catilines conspi-	C
Ia. Shirley	Coronation.	T	Ben. Johnson	racy.	T
Ia. Shirley	Cardinal.	C		Cambises King of	TC
Ia. Shirley	Court secret.	C	Tho. Preston	Persia.	
Tho. Heywood	Chalenge for	C		Cornelia.	
	beauty.		Tho. Kyd	The City Madam.	T
Tho. Middleton.	Chast maid in	C	Phil. Massenger	The Cruelty of	C
	Cheapside.		Sir W.D' Avenant	the Spaniards	M
Alex. Brome	Cunning lovers.	C		in Peru.	
Rich. Brome	Court Beggar.	C		The Case is altered	
Rich. Brome	City wit.	C	Ben. Johnson	Cæsar's Revenge.	C
Geo. Chapman	Cæsar & Pompey	T		Cyrus King of	T
Sir W.D' Avenant	Cruel Brother.	T		Persia.	T
Tho. Goffe	Couragious Turk	T		The Coblers pro-	
Ant. Brewer	Country girle.	C	Rob. Wilson	phetie.	C
Dawbourne	Christian turn'd	T		Conflict of con-	
	Turk.		Nat. Woods	science.	P
Tho. Nabs	Covent garden.	C		The Countesse of	
	Charles the 1st.	T	Rob. Fraunce	Pembrooks I-	P
Tho. Goffe	Carelesse Shep-	TC		vy-church.	
	pardesse.			Crafty Cromwel	
	Cupids Whirli-	C		Cromwel's con-	T
	gigs.			spiracy.	T
John Kirke	Champions of	H		Cruel Debtor.	
	Christendome.			Comons conditi-	
Ia. Shirley	Cupid and Death	M		ons.	
	Combat of Caps.	M		Cure for a Cuck-	
Sheppard	Committe-man	C	Welster & Rowly.	old.	Ibn

D

<i>John Fletcher</i>	D ouble marriage. C	<i>Tho. Heywood</i>	Dutches of Suff. H
<i>Lord Sterling</i>	Darius. T	<i>John Tateham</i>	Distracted State. T
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Divel is an Affe. C	<i>John Marston</i>	Dutch Courtezan C
<i>Ja. Shirley</i>	Dukes Mistresse. TC	<i>Barnabe Barnes</i>	Darius Story. I
<i>Ja. Shirley</i>	Doubtful heir. TC		Devils character. T
<i>Phil. Massinger</i>	Duke of Millain. T	<i>Sir W. D' Avenant</i>	Doctor Dodipol. C
<i>Rich. Brome</i>	Damoyfelle. C		Drakes History 1st. part. M
<i>John Webster</i>	Divels Law case. TC	<i>Marloe and Nash</i>	Dido Queen of T
<i>John Webster</i>	Dutchesse of Mal- T		Carthage. H
<i>Chr. Marloe</i>	fy. T		Damon and Pythias. TC
<i>Tho. Ingelend</i>	Doctor Faustus. I	<i>Lod. Carlile</i>	The Deserving Favourite. M
<i>Geo. Peele</i>	Disobedient child. TC	<i>Rob. Baron</i>	Deorum Dona. M
<i>Lewis Machin</i>	David and Bath- T		Dick Scorer. C
	fabe. C		Destruction of Jerusalem. C
	Dumb Knight. C		Don Quixot, or the Knight of the ill-favoured countenance. C

E

<i>John Fletcher</i>	E lder Brother. C	<i>Chapman, Johnson</i>	Eastward hoe. C
<i>Ja. Shirley</i>	Example. C	<i>Geo. Peele</i>	Edward the 1st. H
<i>Tho. Heywood</i>	English Traveller C	<i>Tho. Heywood</i>	Elizabeths troubles, 1st. part. H
	Edward the 4th. 1st. part. C	<i>Tho. Heywood</i>	Elizabeths troubles, 2d. part. H
	Edward the 4th. 2d. part. C	<i>T. R.</i>	Extravrgant Shepherd. C
<i>Phil. Massinger</i>	Emperour of the East. C	<i>John Lilly</i>	Endimion. C
<i>Chr. Marloe</i>	Edward the 2d. T	<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Every man in his humour. C
<i>Tho. Nabs</i>	Entertainment on the Princes Birth day. I	<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Every man out of his hu- C

<i>C. W.</i>	Electra of Sophocles.	T		Interlude of Youth.	I
	Edward the 3d.	H		The Enchanted Lovers.	P
<i>Rich. Brome</i>	The English Moor or the Mock-marriage.	C	<i>Sir Will. Lower</i>	Enough's as good as a Feast.	
	Every Woman in her humour.	C	<i>Bernard</i>	Eunuchus in Terence.	C

F

<i>John Fletcher</i>	F our Playes in one.	C	<i>John Fletcher</i>	False one.	T
<i>John Fletcher.</i>	Faithfull Shep- pardeffe.	P	<i>Ben. Iohnson</i>	Fatal Union.	T
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Fair Maid of the Inne.	C	<i>Ben. Iohnson</i>	Fortunate Isles.	M
<i>Tho. Heywood</i>	Fair Maid of the West, 1st. part.	C	<i>Tho. Iordan</i>	Flowers.	M
<i>Tho. Heywood</i>	Fair Maid of the West, 2d. part.	C		Fox.	C
<i>Tho. Heywood</i>	Fortune by land and Sea.	C	<i>Lod. Carlile</i>	Fancies Festi- vals.	M
<i>Tho. Heywood</i>	Four London Prentices.	H		The Fool would be a favourite, or the discreet Lover.	TC
<i>Phil. Massinger</i>	Fatal dowry.	T	<i>Geo. Gerbier</i>	The False Favou- rite disgrac'd.	TC
<i>Midleton & Rowly</i>	Fair Quarrel.	TC	<i>D'owilly</i>	The Fatal con- tract.	T
<i>John Ford</i>	Fancies.	C	<i>Will. Hemings</i>	Ferex and Por'ex.	T
<i>Shak. Marmion</i>	Fine companion.	C	<i>Tho. Norton</i>	Family of Love.	C
	Fleire.	C	<i>Tho. Middleton</i>	Fortunatus.	C
	Fair Maid of the Exchange.	C	<i>Tho. Decker</i>	Freewill.	T
<i>Will. Strode</i>	Floating Island.	C	<i>Gilb. Swinboe</i>	The Fair Irene.	T
<i>Robert Green</i>	Frier Bacon.	C	<i>Rich. Fanshawe</i>	The Faithfull Shepherd.	P
	Fair Em.	C		Fair Maid of Bri- stow.	
<i>John Marston</i>	Fawne.	C		Fidele and For- tunata.	
	Faithful Shep- heard.	P		Fulgius & Lucret.	

G

<i>Will. Shakespear</i>	G entlemen of Verona.	C			Ghost.	C
<i>Lz. Shirley</i>	Gamester.	C			Gentle Craft.	C
<i>Lz. Shirley</i>	Gentleman of Venice.	TC	<i>Abr. Cowly</i>		Gyles Goose cap.	C
<i>Lz. Shirley</i>	Gratefull Servant.	C	<i>Sir Iohn Suckling</i>		Guardian.	C
<i>Tho. Heywood</i>	Golden Age.	H	<i>Iohn Lilly</i>		Goblins.	C
<i>Phil. Massinger</i>	Great Duke of Florence.	C	<i>Mr. S. Mr. of Art</i>		Gallathea.	C
<i>Phil. Massinger</i>	Guardian.	C	<i>Geo. Gascoign</i>		Gammer Gurtons needle.	C
<i>Tho. Middleton</i>	Game at chesse.	C	<i>Geo. Chapman</i>		The Glasse of Government.	TC
<i>Iohn Cook</i>	Greens tu quoque.	C	<i>Rob. Baron</i>		The Gentleman Usher.	C
					Gripus & Hegio.	P
					Guise.	

H

<i>Will. Shakespear</i>	H enry the 4th 1st. part.	H	<i>Ben. Iohnson</i>		Honor of Wales.	M
<i>Will. Shakespear</i>	Henry the 4th. 2d. part.	H	<i>Lz. Shirley</i>		Hide park.	C
<i>Will. Shakespear</i>	Henry the 5th.	H	<i>Lz. Shirley</i>		Humorous Courtier.	C
<i>Will. Shakespear</i>	Henry the 6th. 1st. part.	H	<i>Geo. Chapman</i>		Humorous dayes mirth.	C
<i>Will. Shakespear</i>	Henry the 6th. 2d. part.	H	<i>Tho. Decker</i>		Honest Whore. 1st. part.	C
<i>Will. Shakespear</i>	Henry the 6th. 3d. part.	H	<i>Tho. Decker</i>		Honest Whore. 2d. part.	C
<i>Will. Shakespear</i>	Henry the 8th.	H	<i>Hen. Glapthorn</i>		Hollander.	C
<i>Will. Shakespear</i>	Hamlet.	T	<i>Shak. Marmion</i>		Hollands Leaguer.	C
<i>Iohn Fletcher</i>	Humorous Lieutenant.	C	<i>Tho. Nels</i>		Hannibal and Scipio.	T
					Hieronimo 2. part.	T

<i>Markham & Sampson</i>	Histrionastix.	C		Henry the 5th. H
	Herod and Antipater.	T		with the bat- tel of Agen- court.
	How to choose a good wife from a bad.	TC	S. S.	The Honest Law- yer. C
<i>Sir W. Lamer</i>	Horatius.	T	<i>Iob. Day</i>	Humour out of C
<i>Tho. R. indoll</i>	Hey for honesty, down with kna- very.	C	<i>W. Smith</i>	breath.
<i>Tho. May</i>	Heire.	TC		The Hector of H
<i>Lisper Heywood</i>	Hercules furiens.	T		Germany.
<i>John Studly</i>	Hippolitus.		<i>Rob. Taylor</i>	Hieronymo 1st. T
<i>John Studly</i>	Hercules Oetus.	T		part. C
<i>Edmond Prestwich</i>	Hippolitus.	T	<i>Sam. Dawiel</i>	Hog hath lost his pearl. P
	Hectors or false challenge.	T C	<i>Bernard J. Shirley</i>	Hymens T y - umph. C
				Heauton. in Ter. C
				Honorio&Mamon

I

<i>Will. Shakespear</i>	J ohn King of H England.	H	<i>Geo. Gascoign</i>	Jocasta. T
<i>Will. Shakespear</i>	Julius Cæsar.	T	<i>Rob. Davenport</i>	John and Matilda T
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Island Princess.	C	<i>Fra. Goldsmith</i>	Joseph. T
<i>Lord Sterling</i>	Julius Cæsar.	T	<i>Tho. Decker</i>	Jacob and Esau. C
<i>Cosmo Manuch.</i>	Just General.	T		If this be'nt a C
<i>L. Shirley</i>	Imposture.	TC		good play, the Divel's in't.
<i>Tho. Heywood</i>	Iron age First	TC	<i>Tho. Middleton</i>	The Inner Tem- ple Mask. M
	part.	H		Jack Strawes life H
<i>Tho. Heywood</i>	Iron age, Second			and death.
	part.	H		James the 4th. H
<i>Rich. Brome</i>	Jovial crew.		<i>Will. Shakespear</i>	John K. of Eng- land 1st. part. H
<i>Sir W. D' Avenant</i>	Just Italian.	C		John K. of Eng- land 2d. part. H
<i>Chr. Marloe</i>	Jew of Malta.	TC	<i>Will. Shakespear</i>	Josephs afflictions
<i>Tho. Randall</i>	Jealous Lovers.	T		Jack Jugler.
<i>Sr. Ralph Freeman</i>	Imperiale.	C		Impatient pover- ty.
<i>John Marston</i>	Insatiate Coun- tesse.	T T		John Evangelist.
	Jack Drums en- tertainment.	T		<i>John</i>
<i>Jo. Day</i>	Isle of Guls.			

K

John Fletcher	K ing and no	C	King and Queens	M
John Fletcher	King		entertainment	
John Fletcher	knight of the	C	at Richmond.	
John Fletcher	burning pestle.		Knight of the	H
Ben. Johnson	Knight of Mal-	C	Golden shield.	
	ta.		Knack to know	C
J. D.	Kings Entertain-	M	an honest man.	
	ment at Wel-		Knack to know a	C
	beck.		Knave.	
	Knave in grain.	C		

L

Will. Shakespeare	L oves Labour	C	Sir W.D' Avenant	Love and honour	C
John Fletcher	lost.		John Ford	Lovers melan-	T
John Fletcher	Little French	C		choly.	
John Fletcher	Lawyer.		John Ford	Loves sacrifice.	T
John Fletcher	Loyal Subject.	C	John Ford	Ladies triall.	C
John Fletcher	Lawes of Candy.	C	Hen. Glapthorne	Ladies priviledge	C
John Fletcher	Lovers progress.	C	Ant. Brewer	Lovesick King.	TC
John Fletcher	Loves Cure, or	C		Landagartha.	TC
John Fletcher	the Martial maid			Loves Loadstone.	C
John Fletcher	Loves pilgrim-	C		Lingua.	C
	age.			Loves dominion.	P
Ben. Johnson	Lost Lady.	TC	Abra. Cowly	Loves Riddle.	P
Ben. Johnson	Loves triumph.	M	Rob. Gowerfall	Lod. Sforza.	T
Ben. Johnson	Loves welcome.	M	Heywood & Brome	Lancaster Witch-	C
Peaps	Love in its exta-	P		es.	
	sie.		Will. Shakespeare	Leir & his three	T
Cosmo Minuch	Loyal lovers.	TC		daughters.	
J. Shirley	Loves cruelty.	T	W. Cartwright	Lady Errant.	TC
J. Shirley	Lady of plea-	C	R. W.	Three Lords and	C
	sure.			Ladies of Lon-	
Tho. Heywood	Loves Mistresse.	M		don.	

Chri

<i>Chr. Marloe</i>	Lusts Dominion, or the Lascivi- ous Queen.	T	<i>Rich. Brome</i>	The Love-sick Court, or the Ambitious poli- tick.	C
<i>Ulpian Fulwel</i>	Like will to like, quoth the Di- vel.	I		The London Chaunticleers.	C
<i>R. Wever.</i>	Lusty Juventus.	I		Look about you, or run Red caps.	C
<i>R. W.</i>	The three La- dies of Lon- don.	C		Leir and his three daugh- ters.	H
<i>John Tatbam</i>	Love crowns the end.	TC		A Looking-glasse for London, &c.	H
<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	The London pro- digal.	C	<i>Tho. Lodge and Rob Green.</i>	Liberality and Prodigality.	C
<i>Ioh. Day</i>	Law tricks, or who would have thought it?	C		Lady Almony.	C
<i>W. S.</i>	Locrine Eldest son to K. Bru- tus.	T		Luminalia.	M
<i>VV. Chamberlaine</i>	Loves victory.	C		Lawes of Na- ture.	C
<i>Tho Meriton</i>	Love and war.	T			
<i>John Lilly</i>	Loves Metamor- phosis.	C			

M

<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	M erry wives of Wind- for.	C	<i>Iohn Fletcher</i>	Maid in the mill.	C
<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	Measure for mea- sure.	C	<i>John Fletcher</i>	Mask of Grayes Inne Gent.	M
<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	Much adoe about nothing.	C	<i>Ben. Iohnson</i>	Magnetick Lady.	C
<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	Midfomer nights dream.	C	<i>Ben. Iohnson</i>	Mask at my Lord Hayes house.	M
<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	Merchant of Ve- nice.	C	<i>Ben. Iohnson</i>	Metamorphosed Gipsies.	M
<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	Mackbeth.	T	<i>Ben. Iohnson</i>	Mask of Augurs.	M
		C	<i>Ben. Iohnson</i>	Mask of Owles.	M

Lord Brooks	Mustapha.	T	John Lilly	Mydas.	C
	Marcus Tullius	T	John Lilly	Mother Bomby.	C
	Cicero.		Sir VV. Lower	Martyr.	T
Barton Hildiy	Marriage of the	C		Massanello.	T
	Arts.		Geo. Chapman	May day.	C
John Fletcher	Montieur Tho-	C	John Marston	Malecontent.	TC
	mas.		Rob. Baron.	Myrza.	T
John Fletcher	Maids Tragedy.	T		The Marriage of	I
La. Shirley	Maids Revenge.	T		Wit and Sci-	
Hen. Shirley	Martyr'd foul-	T		ence.	
	dier.		Tho. Middleton	More dissemblers	C
Tho. Heywood	Maidenhead well	C		than women.	
	lost.		Chr. Marloe	The massacre at	T
Phil. Massinger	Maid of honour.	C		Paris.	
Tho. Middleton.	Mad world my	C	Edw. Sberburn	Medea.	T
	masters.		VV. VV.	Menechmus.	C
VVill. Rowly	Match at mid-	C	Geo. Chapman	The Mask of the	M
	night.			Middle Tem-	
Tho. Middleton	Michaelmas Term	C		ple and Lin-	
Rich. Brome	Mad couple well	C		colns Inne.	
	match'd.		La. Eliz. Cacer	Mariam.	T
Geo. Chapman	Montieur D'O-	C	Tho. Lodge	Maritus and Scilla.	T
	live.		John Lilly	Maids Metamor-	C
Tho. Decker	Match me in Lon-	C		pholis.	
	don.		J. C.	The Merry milk-	C
VVill. Shakspear	Merry Divil of	C		maids.	
	Edmonton.		Rob. Armin	The Maids of	H
VVill. Shakspear	ucidorus.	C		Mooreclack.	
Tho. Nabs	Microcosmus.	M	J. S.	Masquarde du	M
Tho. Randall	Muses Looking-	C		Ciel.	
	glasse.		Rich. Fleckno	The Marriage of	M
John Mifson	Muleasses the	T		Oceanus and	
	Turk.		Tho. Middleton	Britannia.	
	Mercurius Bri-	C		The Mayor of	T
	tannicus.			Quinborough.	
Geo. VVilkins	Miseries of en-	TC		Manhood & Wif-	
	forced matri-			dome.	
	age.			Mary Magdalens	
John Studley	Medea.	T		repentance.	
Nat. Richards	Medafina.	T	John Milton	Miltons Mask,	M

N

<i>John Fletcher</i>	N oble Gentleman.	C		Nero newly written.	T
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Nice Vallor, or the Passionate mad man.	C	<i>Decker & Webster</i>	Northward hoe.	C
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Newes from the new world in the moon.	M	<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Noble stranger.	C
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Neptunes triumph.	M		New trick to cheat the diuel.	C
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Night walker, or Little thief.	C		New Inne.	C
<i>Phil. M. Singer</i>	New way to pay old debts.	C	<i>Rich. Brome</i>	Nero's life and death.	T
<i>Sam. Rowly</i>	Noble Spanish souldier.	T		New Custome.	I
<i>Rich. Brome</i>	Northerne lasse.	C		No body and some body.	H
<i>Rich. Brome</i>	Novella.	C		The New Academy, or the New Exchange.	C
				Nice wanton.	

O

<i>Will. Shakespear</i>	O Thello, moor of Venice.	T	<i>Lod. Carleile</i>	Osmond the great Turk, or the noble servant.	T
<i>J. A. Shirley</i>	Opportunity.	C		Orgula, or the Fatal Errour.	T
<i>Middleton & Rowly</i>	Old law.	C	<i>L. VV.</i>	The old Couple.	C
<i>Tho. Goffe</i>	Orestes.	T	<i>Tho. May</i>	Orlando Furioso.	H
<i>Will. Shakespear</i>	Old Castles life and death.	H		Old wives tale.	
<i>Alex. Nevile</i>	OEdipus.	T			
<i>T. Nuce</i>	Ostavia.	T			
<i>VV. Cartwright</i>	Ordinary.	C			
<i>Sir Aten Cockaine</i>	Obstinate Lady.	C			

P

<i>John Fletcher</i>	P rophetesse.	C	<i>Hen. Killigrew.</i>	Pallantus & Eudora.	T
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Pilgrim.	C	<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Pleasure recon-	M

Ben. Johnson	Pans Anniverfa- ry.	M	Job. Heywood	A Play between the Pardoner and the Frier, the Curate and Neighbour Prat.	I
John Fletcher	Philaster.	C			
Ja. Shirley	Politician.	C			
Ja. Shirley	Patrick for Ire- land.	H			
Phil. Massinger	Picture.	C	Job. Heywood	A Play of Gen- tlenesse and Nobility &c. the 1st part.	I
Sir W.D' Avenant	Platonick Lo- vers.	C			
John Ford	Perkin War- beck.	H	John Heywood	A Play of Gen- tlenesse and Nobility, &c. the 2d part.	I
John Ford	Pitty shee's a Whore.	T			
Will. Shakespear	Pericles Prince of Tyre.	H	Will. Shakespear	The Puritan wi- dow.	C
Rob. Darrowbourne	Poor mans com- fort.	C		The Pinner of Wakefield.	C
Tho. Middleton	Phœnix.	C		Philotas Scotch.	C
Lod. Carlile	Passionate Lovers 1st part.	TC	H. H. B.	Plutus.	C
Lod. Carlile	Passionate Lovers 2d part.	TC		Patient Griffel.	C
Will. Lower	Phœnix in her Flames.	T		Patient Griffel old.	C
Geo. Gascoigne	Pleasure at Ken- elworth Castle.	M		Promises of God mani- fested.	
Tho. Killigrew	Prisoners.	TC		Promus and Cassandra, 2 parts.	
Sam. Daniel	Phylotas.	T		Plutimio in Te- rence.	C
James Howel	Peleus & Thetis.	M		Presbyterian Lash.	TC
Ben. Johnson	Poetaster.	C			
J. S.	Phyllis of Scy- ros.	P			
Jo. Day	The Parliament of Bees.	M			
	The Pedlars pro- phesie.	C			
John Heywood	A Play of love.	I			
John Heywood	The Play of the Weather.	I			
John Heywood	A Play between Johan Johan the husband, Tyb his wife, &c.	I			

Q

John Fletcher	Queen of Co- rinth.	C	Sam. Daniel	Queenes Arca- dia.	P
Will. Habington.	Queen of Anna- gon.	TC	Rich. Brome	Queens Exchange	C
	Queen, or the ex- cellency of her sex.	C	Rich. Brome	The Queen and Concubine.	C

R

Will. Shakespeare	Richard the second.	H	Lo. Carey	Ram Ally, or Merritricks.	C
Will. Shakespeare	Richard the 3d.	H		Return from Parnassus.	C
Will. Shakespeare	Romeo and Ju- liet.	T	Pet. Haystead	Rival friends.	C
Geo. Chapman	Revenge for ho- nour.	T	Ra. Knevett	Rhodon and Iris.	P
John Fletcher	Rule a wife, and have a wife.	C	W. Cartwright	Royal slave.	TC
La. Shirley	Royal master.	C		Robert Earl of Huntingdon's down-fall.	H
Tho. Heywood	Royal King, and Loyal subject.	C		Ro. Earl of Hun- tington's death.	H
Tho. Heywood	Rape of Lu- crece.	T	John Tatcham	The Rump, or a Mirror, &c.	C
Phil. Massinger	Roman Actor.	T		Reward for vir- tue.	C
Phil. Massinger	Renegado.	C		Roaring Girl.	
Tho. Goffe	Raging Turk.	T	Tho Middleton	Robin Hoods pa- storal May- games.	
Tho. Rawlins	Rebellion.	T		Robin conscience	
Cyrill Tournour	Revengers Tra- gedy.	T			

S

John Fletcher	Spanish Cu- rate.	C	Ben. Johnson	Staple of Newes.	C
John Fletcher	Sea voyage.	C	Tho. Durbant	Sophy.	T
			Ben. Johnson	Sad Sheppard.	C

John Fletcher	Scornful Lady.	C	Will. Rowly	Shoomaker a	C
Lu. Shirley	School of complements.	C	Ben. Johnson	Gentleman.	T
Is. Shirley	Sisters.	C	Ben. Johnson	Sejanus.	C
Tho. Heywood	Silver age.	H	W. Cartwright	Silent woman.	TO
Rich. Brome	Sparagus Garden.	C	Sir W.D' Avenant	Siedge, or loves convert.	M
Tho. Goffe	Selinus.	T	Middleton & Rowly	The Siege of Rhodes.	C
Tho. Nasb	Springs glory.	M		The Spanish Gipsies.	C
	Swetnam the woman-hater arraigned.	C		Solimon & Perfedra.	H
	Sophister.	C		Stukelyes life and death.	C
Rob. Chamberlain	Swaggering damfel.	P	Tho. Nasb	Summers last will and testament.	C
L. G.	Sicelides.	TC		See me and see me not.	C
	Strange Discovery.	P	Walt. Mountague	The Sheppard's Paradise.	T
John Tatham	Suns darling.	C	Sir John Sackling	The sad one.	TC
Gen. Gascogne	Scots Figaries.	C		The Spanish Bawd.	I
Is. Butler	Supposes.	P		Sufanna's teares.	
John Mirston.	Sheppards Holy day.	T		Salmacida spolia.	
John Lilly	Sophonisba.	C			
	Sapho and Phao.				

T

Will. Shakespear	T Empest.	C	Ben. Johnson	Tale of a tub.	C
Will. Shakespear	Twelf night or what you will.	C	Ben. Johnson	Time vindicated to himself and to his honors.	M
Will. Shakespear	Taming of the shrew.	C	John Fletcher	Thierry & Theodoret.	T
Will. Shakespear	Troylus & Cressida.	T	John Fletcher	Two noble kinsmen.	TC
Will. Shakespear	Titus Andronicus.	T	Is. Shirley	Traitor.	T
Will. Shakespear	Timon of Athens	T	Is. Shirley	Triumph of peace	M

<i>Ia. Shirley</i>	Triumph of beauty.	M	<i>W. D'Avenant</i>	The temple of love.	M
<i>Tho. Middleton</i>	Trick to catch the old one.	C	<i>Day W. Rowly and Wilkins</i>	The travailes of the three English brothers, Shirleys.	H
<i>Tho. Nabs</i>	Toteham Court	C			
<i>W. Rider</i>	Twins.	TC			
<i>Jasper Heywood</i>	True Trojans.	H	<i>Robert Wilmot</i>	Tancied and Gismond.	T
<i>Jasper Heywood</i>	Thyestes.	T	<i>Robert Tarrington</i>	Two tragedies in one.	T
<i>Tho. Newton</i>	Troas.	T			
	Thebais.	T	<i>Geo. Chapman</i>	Two wisemen & all the rest fools.	C
	Tamburlaine first part.	T	<i>Sir Aston Cokain</i>	Trappolin suppos'd a Prince.	TC
<i>Geo. Wapull</i>	Tamburlaine 2d part.	T		Tyrannical Government.	
<i>W. Wager</i>	The tide tarrieth no man.	C		Thersites.	I
	The longer thou liv'st, the more fool thou art.	C	<i>G. Chapman</i>	Temple.	M
	Tom Tyler and his Wife.	I	<i>S. Pordidge</i>	Troades.	T
	The trial of chivalry.	C	<i>Welster & Rowly</i>	Trial of treasure.	
				Thracian wonder	H

V

<i>John Fletcher</i>	V Alentinian.	T	<i>R. A.</i>	Valiant Welchman.	T
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Vision of Delight.	M	<i>Fr. Quarles</i>	Virgin widow.	C
<i>Sir W. D'Avenant</i>	Unfortunate Lovers.	T	<i>W. Will. Sampson</i>	Vow-breaker.	T
<i>Phil. Massinger</i>	Unnatural combat.	T		Valiant Scot.	T
<i>Phil. Massinger</i>	Very woman.	C	<i>W. Earl of Newcastle.</i>	Varieties.	C
<i>Phil. Massinger</i>	Virgin Martyr.	T	<i>Tho. Decker</i>	Untrussing the Humorous Poet.	C
<i>Tho. Nabs</i>	Unfortunate mother.	T	<i>Sam. Brandon</i>	The Virtuous Octavia.	TC

W

<i>Will. Shakespear.</i>	W Inter	C	<i>John Fletcher</i>	Womans prize or	C
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John Fletcher	Women pleas'd.	C	John Marston	What you will.	C
John Fletcher	Wife for a month	C	Tho. Heywood	Wife woman of	C
John Fletcher	Wit at several	C		Hogsdon.	
	weapons.		Geo. Chapman	Widows teares.	C
John Fletcher	Wild Goose	C	Tho. Middleton.	World lost at	M
	chate.			tennis.	
Middleton & Rowly	Widow.	C	Tho. Iordan	The walks of	C
John Fletcher.	Woman hater.	C		Islington and	
John Fletcher	Wit without	C		Hogsdon	
	money.		Tho. Middleton	Women beware	T
Lt. Shirley	Witty fair one.	C		women.	
Lt. Shirley	Wedding.	C	Tho. Middleton	Wit like a	C
Tho. Heywood	Woman kild with	C		No Help womans	
	kindnesse.				
Sam. Rowly	When you see	H	Nat. Field	A Woman's	C
	me you know			weathercock.	
	me.			The Wit of a wo-	C
Will. Rowly	Wonder a wo-	C		man.	
	man never vex't		Tho. Meriton	The Wandring	TC
Sir W. D. Arden	Wits.	C		lover.	
John Webster	White Devil.	T	Decker & Webster	Wits History.	H
Tho. Decker	Whore of Baby-	C	Rowly, Decker &	The Witch of	TC
	lon.		Ford.	Edmonton.	
Tho. Decker	Wonder of a	C	John Lilly	The Woman in	C
	Kingdome.			the moon.	
Hen. Glapthorne	Wit in a Consta-	C	Rich. Brome	The Wedding of	C
	ble.			the Covent Gar-	
Decker & Webster	Westward hoe.	C		den, or the Mid-	
	Weakest goes to	C		dlesex Justice of	
	wall.			&c.	
	Woman will have	C		Warning for fair	T
	her will.			women.	
	Wily beguil'd.	C		VVealth & health	
	Wine, Beer, ale, I				
	and tobacco.				

Y

J. Shirley	Yong Ad-	C	Tho. Middleton	Your five Gal-	C
	miral.			lants.	
W. H. Shakespear	Yorkshire tragedy	T			

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Tom Tyler and his wife
Tom Tyler and his wife

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